



Days From  
LIBERTY'S  
Porch

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

HAVERY  
DURST

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# RAYS from LIBERTY'S TORCH

ARRANGED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS

"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE,  
"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY,  
OF THEE WE SING."

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Scattered within the peaceful bay,  
Many a fair isle and islet lay,  
And rocks and banks which threatened there  
No peril to the mariner.  
The shores which bent around were gay  
With foliage, and with pastures green,  
And rails and hedge-row trees between,  
And fields for harvest white,  
And dwellings sprinkled up and down.

Robert Sonthey.



*THE NARROWS.*

The visitor, I may  
say without flattery,  
Finds few, if any ports  
to match the view  
Of bustling, white-winged  
craft and laughing blue,  
Which fixes him enchanted  
on the battery.  
So full of life, forever  
fresh and new.

Thos. G. Appleton.



*THE BATTERY  
AND CASTLE GARDEN.*

Ah! 'twas a dear old town,  
that lost Manhattan.  
With its green shores, whose  
islands still had trees,  
And round them gleamed the sun-touched  
bay like satin,  
When the sun sank, and shut  
its wings the breeze.  
Oh! why was it obliged to  
grow and fatten?  
Those modest days in worth outvalued these.

Th. G. Appleton



Down by the river, on the giant bridge,  
I have to while the sunny hours away,  
The low wind breathes across the bay a song  
That lulls the ear and steals upon the soul  
Like voices of the past. The distant hum  
Of the majestic cities either side  
Accentuates the calm and grand repose  
Above the turmoil, in the mighty span.



*BARTHOLDI STATUE  
OF LIBERTY.*

*BROOKLYN BRIDGE*



Beneath me glides the river  
with a strain  
Of music as it laps the  
rough hewn piers  
Below the bridge, and buoys  
the busy crafts  
That float like children's toys  
upon the tide.

Schuyler Mathews

I stood on the deck of a ferry-boat,  
As the summer evening deepened to night,  
Where the tides of the river ran darkling past,  
Through lengthening pillars of crinkled light.  
The wind blew over the land and the waves  
With its salt sea-breath, and a spicy balm,  
And it seemed to cool my throbbing brain,  
And lend my spirit its gusty calm.



*NORTH RIVER  
LOOKING TOWARD THE BAY.*

The forest of masts, the dark hulled ships,  
The twinkling lights, and the sea of men.  
I read the riddle of each and all,  
And I knew the meaning then.  
For while the beautiful moon arose,  
And drifted the boat in her yellow beams,  
My soul went down the river of thought,  
That flows in the mystic land of dreams.

Richard H. Stoddard.



*ROBBINS REEF LIGHT  
AND BERGEN POINT.*



The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.  
Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night - o'ertaken mariner to save

Richard H. Stoddard.





